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“ CIVILE HISTORY.”

THE Renaissance was later in England than in Italy, France, or Spain. Even the Reformation scarcely hastened it, and not until the reign of Elizabeth was our nation fired with the desire of knowledge which had for more than a century inflamed the choice spirits of Latin races. That they could supply the tinder for the spark when struck in this country was evident to those who kindled it. Amongst them, if not at their head, was the man of great and exalted mind who devoted it, with his life, to “The Advancement of Learning.” The use that he made of the abundant foreign material good for that purpose, none but a Magliabecchi could hope to trace and describe, to do so would be a vast work of enlightenment. “Learning” is indeed a wide word, and that Bacon gave it no narrow meaning is plain from the range of topics glanced at in the volume to which I refer. One of the innumerable branches of the Tree of Knowledge sketched by him is delineated in Lib. 2. It is civil history. Let me try to show how the “learning” of history was promoted in his time, and occultly by him. “Why occultly?” the reader may ask. The present writer is not prepared with any short satisfactory answer, unless it be to point out the ominous fact that one of the very few English Histories published before the time of Bacon, viz.: “Halles’ Chronicle,” beginning only at Henry IV.

and ending at Henry VIII., which was issued by Richard Grafton in 1550, was suppressed by proclamation in 1555. But let me pass on to my undertaking which is merely to prove how much historical knowledge was made accessible, even to Englishmen "unlearned in the tongues," between the year 1576, when Bacon left Cambridge, and the year 1626, the alleged date of his death. History, before that period, was, with rare exceptions, to be found only in fragmentary and scarce works written in Latin or foreign languages, and many of those works were still unprinted. But during his period a broad field of history was covered by books printed in English, some of them huge costly volumes, coming to the hands of the few, and many small concise books, likely to have more readers. And, besides these, history was artfully taught and commended to the multitude, lettered and unlettered, by means of the Drama.

For, as Bacon wrote, "Drammatical or Representative, is as it were, a visible History; for it sets out the Image of things, as if they were present, and History, as if they were past," And again: "Dramaticall or Representative Poesy, which brings the world upon the stage, is of excellent use, if it were not abused. . . . For although in moderne Commonwealths, *stage plaies* be but esteemed a sport or pastime, unless it draw from the satyre, and be mordant; yet the care of the Ancients was, that it should instruct the minds of men into virtue. Nay, wise men and great Philosophers have accounted it as the Archet, or musical Bow of the Mind. And certainly it is most true, and, as it were, a secret of Nature, *that the minds of men are more patent to affections and impressions, congregate than solitary.*" (Adv. of Learning, Lib. II., pp. 106-7.)

I suggest that the diffusion of historical knowledge

was planned, or encouraged, or assisted by Bacon in pursuance of his vast scheme —formed, no doubt, some time before it was expounded in the “Advancement of Learning.”

It may, and, of course, will be said that the issue from the English press of a large number of works imparting a knowledge of history, either in gross or in detail, during some 20 years of Bacon’s life was a mere coincidence, due to the wealth of active minds which enriched that bright age. Perhaps so. Perhaps, however, the fact may be more reasonably attributed to the direction of a master developing a great scheme, if some of those works are described with due regard to the range of subject, and chronological order of the periods treated of in them. The most ambitious in scope was “The History of the World,” by Sir Walter Raleigh fo. 1614, of whom Ben Johnson said that “The best wits in England were employed in making his history.” Almost another history of the world was attempted in “Purchas his Pilgrimage,” fo. 1613, with its very long list of the authorities on which it was based. Another work of wide view was “The Historie of Justien,” containing a narration of Kingdomes, from the beginning of the Assyrian Monarchy unto the reign of the Emperor Augustus. First written in Latine by that famous Historiographer Justine and now again newly translated into English by G. W. sm. fo., 1606, printed by William Jaggard,” a significant name. Of rather more restricted, but still vast range, having regard to the dominion of Rome, was “The Historie of all the Romane Emperors beginning with Caius Julius Cæsar, and successively ending with Rodolph the second now reigning. First collected in Spanish by Pedro Mexia, since enlarged in Italian by Lodovico Dulce, and Girolami Bardi, and now Englished by W. T.” sm. fo.

1604, and *The Roman Historie* of Ammianus Marcellinas, translated by Philemon Holland. Adam Islip, fo. 1609. Let us now turn to "The history of Great Britaine . . . by John Speed, roy. fo., 1611, printed by Wm. Hall & John Beale. The proeme of this great and full work is remarkably learned and well expressed, but is not signed. Remarkable also are the initial letters at the commencement of chapters. The letters are enclosed in a square border, and behind the capital is a man in different attitudes holding a book. The same or very similar capital letters may be found in other volumes published, even by other firms, in the period now dealt with, and in those volumes as in this of Speed the first initial is often B,—which is noteworthy. Next, *The Annales or General Chronicle of England*, begun first by Maister John Stow and after him continued and augmented with matters forreigne and domestique, ancient and moderne, unto the ends of this present year 1614, by Edmund Howes, gentleman, fo. 1615 printed by Thomas Dawson for Thomas Adams. The Historical Preface has the head-piece ornament of the First Folio Shakespeare, with the mysteriously inconspicuous difference only of the number of plumes in the tail of the centre birds. The initials T and B also resemble with a slight difference those in Speed.

The *Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande and Irelande*, by Raphael Holinshed, fo. 1577. It was the second edition of 1587, on which some of the historical plays of "Shakespeare" were founded. The *Tragedy of King Lear*, 4to. 1608, dealing with one reign in British History contemporary with that of Romulus, and recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The *Tragedy of Cymbeline*, 4to, 1623—a King of Britain in the time of Augustus Cæsar. "The Misfortunes of Arthur," 1587. (See *BACONIANA*, Vol. X., 117.) who opposed the

Saxon invasion of England. In the composition of this play Bacon is proved to have lent a hand.

The Lives of the three Norman Kings of England, William I., William II., Henry I., by John Hayward, 4to, 1613.

The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England. 4to 1591.

The Chronicle of Edward the First, a play by Geo. Peele, 4to 1593.

The first part of the Life and Raigne of King Henry the III., by John Hayward, 4to, 1599, comprising but the first year.

The historie of Henrie the Fourth, by “Shakespeare,” 4to, 1598. The second part, 4to, 1600.

The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, 4to 1600.

The Tragedie of King Richard the second, 4to, 1597.

The Collection of the Historie of England, by Samuel Daniel, sm. fo., 1626. [From the Romans to end of Ed. III.]

The first part of the contention betwixt the two famous houses of York and Lancaster, 4to, 1594, the third edition of which was published in 1619 and printed by Isaac Jaggard.

The Second and Third Parts of the same.

The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York, sm. 8vo, 1595.

The Historie of the raigne of King Henry the Seventh, by Francis Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, 1622.

The famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth, by “Shakespeare,” 1st fo., 1623.

Here is a short list. It might be much lengthened by anyone accustomed to a library who would spend some hours in the British Museum. Space at my disposal does not permit me to go through the works which

I have specified, and show how the style of prefaces, the printer's names, the initial letters, the headline ornaments, the tail pieces, and other facts correspond to prove that the issue of the books and plays was under a comprehensive scheme organised by the most comprehensive mind. "Civil Historie," however, was but one of the many branches of learning that Francis Bacon proposed to advance. An examination of the Elizabethan literature in English on other branches, such for example as Ecclesiastical History would repay the student, and support my theory.

J. R.,
of Grays Inn.



A CHOICE OF EMBLEMES.

FOR unveiling the vizarded books printed by Francis Bacon and his secret literary colleagues, engaged in inaugurating a standard English literature, two processes have been needed.

1st. The collection by some enthusiast of all available details concerning an ascribed author of the period.

2nd. A growing conviction that the facts of the ascribed author's life would not marry with the literary achievement bearing his name.

Mr. Halliwell Phillip's researches concerning Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, began the doubts as to the authorship of the Plays and Poems. "I cannot marry the facts of this man's (Shakespeare) life with his verse," wrote R. W. Emerson. Scrupulous care was taken to make it appear that Edmund Spenser, the clerk, who was sent to Ireland in 1580, was the writer of the poems which, during his lifetime and after

his death in 1598-9, were written and printed in England by Francis Bacon under Spenser's name.

The decipher from the bilitèral cipher claimed the "Spenser" poems as the work of Francis Bacon, and the critical examination of the evidence by Mr. Harman, C.B., Mr. Granville Cuninghame, and others ("of which I, meanest, boast myself to be") confirmed the truth of the claim.

I have already ("Tudor Problems") claimed "A Choice of Emblemes" as not the work of the ascribed author, Geoffrey Whitney, and here give my reasons more at length.

It is perfectly natural that a great literary superman, such as Bacon was, being anxious to place the English language and literature upon an assured footing, would realise the importance of providing English readers with a selection (with the verse translated into English) from the many picture Emblem books printed in other languages.

In the case of Geoffrey Whitney, we are fortunate in having had, as preliminary to critical investigation, the enthusiastic and untiring enquiries of Mr. Henry Green, M.A., who published in 1866 a facsimile of "A Choice of Emblemes," accompanied with valuable facts and literary notes.

Whitney appears to have been born in Cheshire. His parents at one time lived in London, and Geoffrey probably studied law there, while his age, in 1586, when the book was published; is computed to have been about forty. There being such "a polish, a roundness of metre and rhyme," Mr. Green thought it indicated with certainty that the verses in "A Choice" were not the only ones which had flowed from his pen.

But the only previous writing claimed as his is a short written account in Latin on parchment, dated 2nd August, 1580, of a visit to a sand-bank off Yarmouth, by a party of Norfolk gentlemen.

The handwriting is not claimed to be his, neither is it signed, but the name "Galfridus Whitney" is recorded as one of the burgesses present.

The only verses ascribed as from his pen, other than those in "The Choice," are printed in "Dousa's *Odæ Britannicæ*, 1586." So that if the evidence points to another author of "The Choice," that other author was also doubtless the writer of the verses in Dousa's book.

Robert, Earl of Leicester, whose connection with the county of Norfolk commenced as M.P. in 1553, was from 1572 until his death in 1588, High Steward of Great Yarmouth.

When Serjeant Flowerdew, who was under-steward from 1580 to 1584 (when he became one of Her Majesty's judges of the Exchequer Court) resigned his position at Yarmouth, Whitney was appointed to receive the fees of the Court for the Steward, but upon the appointment by the Corporation of one John Stubbe to the office of under-steward, Whitney was required to leave, unless Mr. Stubbe chose to retain him as clerk. The Earl tried to induce the corporation to appoint Whitney to the post, but was unsuccessful.

After the publication of "The Choice," in 1586, there is no documentary evidence about Whitney until his Will, proved 28th May, 1601, in which his name is written "Jeffery," and signed "Geffery," in that respect differing from the name "Geffrey" on The "Choice." According to the Will he was the lessee of a farm held of Richard Cotton, of Cambermere. He bequeathed a little money, a few silver spoons, "my Librarie of Books," his nag, and sundry items of wearing apparell to various relatives. The books were to go to his nephew if it should please God to indue him with learning in the Latin tongue."

We may infer that the books were in Latin, and that Geoffrey was able to read them.

The spelling in the Will is not consistent with much regard for English scholarship.

At the date "The Choice" was prepared for the press Whitney was out of employment; and ready for something to do. If the biliteral cipher account is true, Francis Bacon was the Earl of Liecester's eldest son, his mother being Queen Elizabeth. Had Francis prepared the "Choice" of Emblems and been in need of some person upon whom to pass it off as "author," Whitney, as a man of mature age and clerical experience, out of a job, would serve for such a purpose well. Moreover, he could usefully represent his employer at Plantins printing office, in Leyden, seeing the book through the press.

We have no knowledge of Bacon's whereabouts in 1585, but as his father, the Earl, was preparing men, munitions, ships and horses, for his expedition to the Low Countries, it is probable that Francis was employed in and about Yarmouth, Lowestoft and Norwich, in association with the preparations, and that here he obtained the local knowledge which was afterwards shown in the "Greene" publications and in "Lenten Staffe" ("Nashe"), printed a few years later. Very probably he went to Holland also.

"A Choice" was an elaborate and expensive undertaking. With a special block to be cut for frontispiece and twenty-three blocks of new Emblems drawn and devised for its 250 pages, besides the printers' bill and cost of seeing it through the press at Leyden, the £45 compensation obtained by Whitney from the corporation for loss of office, would not carry far. The "Epistle to the Reader" strengthens this view:—

"When I had finished this, my collection of Emblems (gentle reader) and presented the same in writinge to my Lorde presentlie before his Honour passed the seas into the Lowe Countries; I was after

earnestlie required by someone that perused the same to have it imprinted, whose requeste when I had well considered, although I did perceive the charge was very heavie for mee (weighing my owne weakness) I meane my wante of learninge and judgment to set forth anything unto the viewe of this age."

The epistle dedicatorie is dated at London, 28th November, 1585. Leicester had by that date gone abroad. Francis Bacon's letter to Walsingham, in August, 1585, to press the Queen for a consideration of his "suit," is interesting in this relation. Mr. W. T. Smedley considered this letter to have had relation to Bacon's desire to have his business of building up an English literature placed upon a proper financial footing. I agree entirely with Mr. Smedley upon this point. Francis Bacon was not desirous of contemporary, but posthumous fame, and so long as adequate precautions were taken, as I happen to know was the case; to establish his claim to this book in future ages, it mattered not how many fathoms deep he then drowned it.

He knew and continuously affirmed that the lives and great deeds of men were only eternised in books; that monuments of brass and marble did not survive the "ruines of time."

An Emblem book was particularly adapted to the preservation of the names of friends and celebrities to future ages and correspondingly well adapted for the innocent deceptions which Bacon enjoyed. For time present the Emblem book was Whitney's, and there was consequently no harm in recording in it the names of Whitney's family and friends. Indeed, for the purpose of present mystification it was important that it should be done. The Earl of Leicester's own son and his old Yarmouth clerk were equally well suited.

The "Emblems" kept alive memories of Whitney's

father, brother, and other relatives ; of his old village, old school and schoolmates, and of friends and notables in and around Norfolk and Chester. There were many Emblems to spare for dedicatory uses, and even a selection from the Earl of Leicester's entourage did not exhaust them.

First place was, of course, given to the Earl of Leicester, Francis Bacon's father, to whom the book is specially dedicated, then followed (as frequently with Francis) a reverent verse to the Deity. After that an emblem, having special reference to the Queen.

The second series of Emblems begins with verses in praise of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, followed by another set in praise of Sir Philip Sidney. Other Emblems are dedicated to Leicester's, two chaplains, and to Sir John Norris, and other captains of the expeditionary army. Two of the judges remembered, one of them (Needjham) was married to Jane, a daughter of Lord Keeper Nicholas Bacon. Two London physicians, the Queen's Organist, one of her Equerrys, and the Dean and Head Master of St. Paul's Cathedral received notices. Two Emblem verses of considerable length are addressed to the poet, Edward Dyer, a particular friend and associate of Francis Bacon. On the whole a very representative collection of the notables of the day. Those persons whose initials are only given are impossible to trace, but as Drake is referred to probably Walter Raleigh was meant by the initials Ra. W. He seems to have belonged to the literary group.

The evidence that the compiler of "The Choice" was a much more powerful intellectual personality than a whole family of Whitneys is shown in the "Epistle Dedicatorie." The only man at that date who had the great learning and mental grasp to write that powerful epistle was Francis Bacon. The style alone

betrays him, not to mention the amazing range of authorities quoted. He pressed the importance of learning and the eternising to all posterities of the record of things worthy of memory. He compares man to a bubble of water. The writer figures himself as emulating the labours of learned men, "although of all the meanest."

Compare Bacon writing as "Spenser" in Colin Clout, 1595, in allusion to the daughters and family of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe, "of which I meanest boast myself to be."

He says about the Emblems, "divers of the inventions are of my owne slender workmanship," but he values them chiefly because under pleasante devises are profitable moralles. Always the hidden teacher! That Bacon was the author may also be deduced from the address to the Reader. "I offer it heare (good reader) to thy viewe in the same sorte as I presented before." (Compare Heming and Condell's words to the reader in the Shakespeare Folio, "Are now offered to your viewe").

For my intituling them to some of my friendes, "I hope it shall not be disliked, for that the offices of dewtie and friendship are alwaies to be favoured: and herein as I follow my auctors in Englishinge their devises So I imitate them in dedicating some to such persons as I thinke the Emblemes doe *best fitte* and pertaine unto." (Compare Bacon's dedication of his psalm versions to the Rev. George Herbert:—

"It being my manner of dedication to choose those that I hold *most fit* for the argument, I thought that in respect of divinity and poesy met (whereof the one is the matter the other the style.") Again, "yet all Emblemes for the most part maie be reduced into these three kindes, which is Historically, Naturall and Morall." (Compare "Webbe Discourse of English

Poesie," 1586, and Bacon Ad. of Learning.") Compare "This slender assaye of my barren muse" with Bacon's apology for the use of the word *Essaies* in the draft Dedication to Henry, Prince of Wales, circa. 1607-12.

"The word is late but the thing is auncient."

The first new Emblem has a mark, which indicates its Baconian origin.

Mr. Green points out the remarkable fact that in "The Choice" are obsolete words, mostly only also found in Chaucer, "Spenser" and "Shakespeare."

The author of the "Shepheardes Kalendar," 1580, shows how interested he was to preserve for the English language old words from Chaucer.

Mr. Green has elsewhere told of the great use of Emblem references in "Shakespeare."

Five of the seven Emblem titles in *Pericles* are illustrated in "The Choice." Mr. Green believes that the other two were invented by "Shakespeare."

It would extend this article (already long) to give further internal evidence, but compare the lines on page 183 :—

"In duste wee write the benefittes wee have,
Where they are soone defaced with the winde."

with the last lines of Bacon's admitted poem :—

"Who then to frail mortalitie would trust
But limns in water and but writes in dust."

Consider, too, page 185, upon which both the Emblem and verses are new :—

"Yea ofte eche worde and line survaye.
Before hee made an end."

"Then alter ofte and chaunge, peruse and reade and marke."

"I alter ever when I add, so nothing is finished till all is finished."—(Bacon's letter to Tobie Mathewe).

PARKER WOODWARD.

FRANCIS BACON'S VISITS TO EUROPE.

OF course we know that Francis, as a boy of sixteen, travelled with Sir Amias Paulet to France in September, 1576. He returned upon a visit to England in 1578, on which occasion his portrait in miniature was painted by the Queen's Court limner Hilliard. Returning to France, he remained there until 20th March, 1578-9, when he came back to England as bearer of a dispatch to the Queen from Sir Amias, in which Francis is mentioned "as of great hope endued with many good and singular parts." There is nothing to show that Francis made anything like a grand tour on this occasion. He was under age and probably spent most of his time in the train of the English Ambassador, whereby he would see much of French Court life at Paris, Blois, Tours and Poitiers, became expert in the French language and literature, and familiar with the efforts of French poets to enrich both.

In 1580-81 he was in his twenty-first year and fit to make the grand tour in Europe usually undertaken by young English noblemen at about this period of their lives. Burleigh seems to have been prominent in arranging this. Anthony Bacon, who was abroad as an intelligencer, wrote to Burleigh, under date February, 1580-1, giving advice and instruction for Francis to follow.

He may be assumed to have gone abroad within a few days following receipt of Anthony's letter. As to the way he went one may gather help from "Francisco's Fortunes," printed by Francis in 1590, under the vizard of the actor Robert Greene. This would indicate that he went through Paris and Lyons, then across Germany to Vienna, then through Venice and northern Italy to Rome. From Rome he appears to have visited Genoa, and on through Savoy into northern France and Spain. Back again from Spain, he seems in October, 1581, to have reached Orleans, and found himself like many other travellers on the return journey, short of money. He wrote to Sir Thomas Bodley (who, as an old traveller, returned in 1580 from about four years' tour abroad, and who as an intimate of Leicester and Burleigh, had probably made the arrangements for the young man's tour) asking for money. The thirty pounds which Bodley no doubt remitted in December, 1581, to Francis, then I expect at Paris (see the Bodley letter discovered by Mr. Smedley and quoted in his book, "The Mystery of Francis Bacon") was not very much. Bodley apologised for the smallness of the amount, but filled up his letter with much good advice as to what the "friends" finding the money from time to time wanted Francis to do. This the letter shows was so much about the state of things in France, particularly the religious differences, as Francis could get together.

Francis was to instruct himself in all things which might tend to wisdom and honour and make his life more profitable to his country and himself. He was to rely not only upon his memory, but to keep written notes.

The notes on the "State of Christendom," which were printed in a supplement to the second or 1734

collection of Bacon's letters, which Stephens, the Historiographer Royal, had put together are probably the notes which Francis prepared. They are the sort of notes which a bright young English man of letters would think good enough for the elderly gentlemen who wanted this sort of thing.

It will be noticed that Francis tells the most about Rome, the northerly Italian states, Austria, Spain, and particularly about France. I should expect they were written up for the "Friends," sometime after Francis got to Paris, possibly even finished in England, which he seems to have reached about February, 1581-2. A note about the Emperor of Austria states how that monarch was governed by his mother, while she remained with him. (Francis had a grievance in common with that potentate.)

He would learn subsequent to his Vienna visit that the masterful lady left there in August, 1581. He would learn in Paris that there was going to be a Diet assembled in Augsburg. It would take a long time to arrange and was not held until July 3rd, 1582.

Moreover, he would see in France the preparations making there for the help to the fugitive King of Portugal (naval expedition, June, 1582). It is quite likely that Francis procured Faunt to help him with the "Notes," and just probable they were never asked for, and that may be why several blanks in the manuscript were never filled.

At the latter end of 1589 an important letter of State, dealing with Queen Elizabeth's relations with her Catholic and Protestant subjects, had to be taken to the Courts of France, Austria and Venetia by some shrewd and careful diplomatist.

Indications are afforded by "Francesco's Fortunes," 1590, Greene, and "An Almond for a Parrot," "A Prognostication," 1591, and Piers Pennilesse," 1592,

Nash (another mask for Bacon) that Francis Bacon was bearer of the letter. He would go (no other way being open in consequence of warfare between Spain in the Low Countries and France) by his former way of Paris, Lyons, then across Germany to Vienna, then through Innsbruck, Botsen, Trent, Verona, Padua, to Venice, then back by way of Bergamo to Coire, and thence through Germany to Stade, at the mouth of the Elbe, and back by ship to England. He must have seen something of the Danes also on this return journey.

None of the vizarded writings, such as those which Francis title paged to "Gosson," "Lyly," "Watson," "Greene," "Spearer," "Nash," were printed at such dates as to conflict with these assumed journeys abroad. I held at one time the notion that 1592-3 was the period of Francis Bacon's second excursion in Europe, but further consideration shows 1581 as the more probable year of his grand tour.

PARKER WOODWARD.

SOME THOUGHTS ON "DON QUIXOTE."

IN BACONIANA, of July, 1914, some remarks of mine were reproduced from *The Referee*, in deprecation of the outcry which arose—an outcry not confined to the Shakespearian camp—over a pronouncement of our late lamented President, Sir E. Durning-Laurence, that Bacon wrote, not only the "Shakespeare" Plays, &c., but also "Don Quixote." At that time, however, I could do no more than make a mild protest on the ground that nobody had then had the time to examine the grounds upon which the suggestion had been made. I certainly had not, for I had never read "Don Quixote" in the form known as "Shelton's Translation," on which the whole case rested. Since then, however, I have had an opportunity of procuring a copy of that remarkable book*, and of studying it carefully, and I am bound to admit that, in my view, the much reviled writer had good grounds for his startling statement.

Having come to this conclusion myself, I may give some of *my* reasons for believing that "Francis Bacon wrote 'Don Quixote.'" They differ from, or rather go somewhat beyond, those stated by Sir Edwin, and, of course, it may be that they are all wrong. In that case it will be for those who think so to controvert them. I merely put them forward as, in my opinion, deserving of attention, and with a view to elicit the truth.

But, before attempting to show that Francis Bacon was the author of the immortal book, let me give briefly

* The Edition of Macmillan, 1900.

my reasons for believing that Cervantes (the reputed author) was *not*. And the chief of these is this, which, I may say, in passing, is my chief reason for disbelieving that William of Stratford wrote the Plays, etc.—namely, that he had not the necessary qualifications for the task. He had not, to begin with, and above all, that sense—that “saving sense of humour” and that attic salt of wit, which are the foremost characteristics of “Don Quixote” and which show themselves upon every page, and which, by-the-by, are *English* wit and humour, as I shall show further on. The other works of Cervantes give no sign of any such mental, or temperamental gifts as these. They consist, as all who have read them know, of certain stilted Plays and Verses, chiefly devoted to *Love*, and most of them now forgotten, and in these is not a particle of that wit and humour that is so plentifully displayed in the pages of “The Don.” They are, indeed, of the nature of some writings in which, as the “wondrous boy,” Chatterton, writes (to alter *one* word):—

“Not one ray of *humour* shines
In the drear desert of a thousand lines.”

a thing which no writer could possibly repress, either in prose or verse, if he had any such quality *in* him. For nature, as Horace says, must assert itself—it must *out* :—

“[Eam] expellas furcâ, usque tamen recurret,”

you know. He says so in his “Art of Poetry.”

So much for Cervantes’ qualifications. In the next place, he never *claimed to have written* it. His name, it is true, is on the title page, but that, to any one who knows anything of Elizabethan books and

their production (as I claim to have shown in my pamphlet on "Literary Legends") stands for little. For, in the introduction to the book, Cervantes says, or is made to say, that he was "not the *father*, but only the *stepfather*" of it (*quasi dicat, not the author*), and all through the work he refers to himself as the "translator," and specially names the "author" as one "Cid Hamet Benengeli," and, though this has been taken as a sort of jest, yet *littera scripta manet*, and in my belief in this he was not joking, but *serious*. In fact, the whole story of its production is told in its own pages, as I hope to show further on.

But to proceed with the story of the book. Though it first appeared in a Spanish dress—Spain being then the master power of the world—the book must, I submit, have been originally written by an Englishman, and from an English point of view. There is every evidence of this. Let me give but a few instances. While the "local colour," as they say, is as perfect as any stranger could make it, it is not always as a Spanish artist would lay it on. Take the story of those windmills—the best remembered incident, perhaps, in the book—are they *Spanish* windmills? By no means. Spanish windmills, I am told, have no sails or arms. Don Quixote's *had*, and it was those arms, waving about "like the arms of Briareus," that made him take them for giants. They were not, in short, windmills of the Spanish sort, but of the Flemish fashion—the fashion adopted in England—where they might be seen any day whirling their wings "in the fields" of Kent or Essex (with which Bacon was so familiar), but certainly not on the top of the wild and windy Spanish sierras, where they would soon be smashed to pieces, and where, by-the-by, there were no "fields" to enclose them. [The Don, you may note, saw *eleven* in one field!] The writer, in short, drew

his picture from England or Flanders, with its lowlands and enclosures. And the same with the *inns*, which figure so often in the story. They are not Spanish inns or bodegas, but real old-fashioned English roadside inns, with a boisterous English landlord, who has English beds and bedrooms, and supplies his guests with the good old standard English dish of eggs and Bacon! Just think of that! Not your Spanish bread and oil and dried goat's flesh and fruit. Oh, no! There was wine, of course, instead of beer, the writer could hardly make a mistake there, but, running on to other things, in his enthusiasm, he sometimes forgets himself.

But take another example. The author at one inn tosses poor Sancho in a blanket! Was this ever done out of England? Certainly not to my knowledge, and I believe there is evidence—ample evidence—to show that this boisterous and humorous method of punishment was as purely a British institution, as that of the "Privy Council," which you will find in one part of the story spoken of, doubtlessly from a similar mode of slip, as existing in the kingdom of Spain!

But what are we to say of an author who talks to his audience of such a matter—such a purely local matter—as "Lemster wool?" and compares some noises he hears around him to the "cries of the wild Irish!" and who, when he hears music at night under his window, turns round, and, as it were, in "an aside," whispers to his hearers, "just like *our* waits"—what, I ask, are we to say of a writer who talks like this? Is he a Spaniard talking to Spaniards? What did Spaniards know about "Lemster wool?" Had *they* ever heard of its excellence, or read of its superior texture in Drayton's "Polyolbion," the author of which, by-the-by, was "a great friend of Francis

Bacon? " Then again, had the "cries of the wild Irish," loud as they were, and well known in England, ever penetrated to the wilds of La Mancha or troubled the ears of Cervantes? I trow *not*, nor do I think it was *he* who uttered the aside, "like *our* waits," for that would have meant *Spanish* waits—the waits to whom they were listening! "Which is absurd," as Euclid says.

But there is no end to this kind of tell-tale slips (purposeful or purposeless, I will not now stop to enquire) on the part of the author. They may be small things in themselves, but it is small things that best show how the wind blows! But let me proceed from the enumeration of such "trifles," as they might be called, to a matter of some more importance, the delineation, namely, of the characters or chief actors in this wonderful prose comedy. Are they—or the two principal of them—*particularly Spanish*? In name, of course, they are so (though "Quixote" has a remarkable likeness in sound to the good old English name of "Cockshot"), and perhaps in costume; though Sancho in his "Sunday best" very closely resembles the pictures of English peasants in the reign of Good Queen Bess. But, I repeat, are not these two characters, each in his way, as essentially English "as you make 'em"? Take the Don to begin with. Were there not dozens of his sort living in every county of England, whose "Halls" (like his) were "piled up with old lances, halberds, morions, and such other armours and weapons," and who were masters, besides, of "an ancient target (shield), a lean stallion and a swift greyhound," and who were "great friends of hunting"? Yes, many, I guess there were, and who lived, as became Englishmen, "somewhat more on beef than mutton" (which the Spaniards did not) and who kept up an establishment in proportion to their means.

And, amongst these, I do not doubt that there were some (more literary than the rest), who "in the spurts that they were idle (which was the longer part of the year) did apply themselves wholly to the reading of books on Knighthood" (then issuing by dozens from the Press in England), "and that with such guests and delights, as they almost wholly neglected the exercise of hunting, yea, and the administration of their own affairs"? (See all this in Chapter I.)

Don Quixote, I maintain, may be taken as the picture of many an old English country gentleman of the Tudor times, gone off his head on the subject of Knight Errantry. As for Panzas, they were plentiful as blackberries in every English village—at once as simple and shrewd—as the renowned Sancho. Likewise as garrulous and as full of Proverbs—Proverbs, let it be "read, marked and inwardly digested," a large part of which were—*not Spanish, but ENGLISH!!*

And now, having said so much to show that, in my opinion, the author of this renowned book was not a Spaniard but an Englishman, and certainly not the grave, not to say, dull Cervantes ("more famous for his misfortunes than anything else," as we are told in the story), let me go on to say, in more detail than I have yet done, why I think that Englishman to be Francis Bacon.

And the first of my reasons for believing this I have already alluded to. It is because (as I read it) we are told so in the story, though, as far as I know, no one hitherto has noticed it. So cunningly, indeed, is the fact wrapped up in the fiction.

But let me recall the story, as related in Part II., at the end of Chapter II. and the beginning of Chapter III. Don Quixote had always been impressing upon Panza the fact that no Knight Errant, worthy of the name, had been without his Bard or Troubadour,

as the Recorder, either in Prose or Verse, of his wonderful adventures, and that in the course of time he hoped to have *his*. Sancho sympathised with his master, and one day (you may find it all in Chapter II., Part II., in any perfect copy) came running in to tell him that he had just seen his friend and townsman, Simon Carrasco, Bachelor, of Salamanca (otherwise B.A. Cambridge?), who had informed him that "his History was all in print under the title of 'The History of the most Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha,' " and that he (Sancho) "was in it too, and also Dulcinea, and that, if he wanted to know all about it, he would run and fetch Carrasco, who would tell him!" This he did, and Don Quixote learned from the Bachelor that what Sancho had told him was quite true, and that the author's name was *Cid Hamet Benengeli* (though Sancho had called it Beregena) ! &c., &c.

At first Don Quixote could not believe that such a story was true, but Samson assured him that not only was it true, but that "more than 12,000 copies had been printed and distributed in Portugal, Barcelona and Valentia," and that an edition was being issued in Antwerp (then under the dominion of Spain), which was indeed just what had happened in the case of the Spanish edition of 1605.

All this Don Quixote hears from the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, who winds up with a blessing on the head of Cid Hamet Benengeli, "the author," who "had written the work and *caused it to be translated into the Spanish language*" ("our vulgar Castilian," as he calls it) "for the general entertainment of all men." [A favourite Baconian phrase.]

Now, so amusingly is all this told, that the general reader, forgetful of the shrewd question of Horace,

"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

or of the common saying, "there's much truth often spoken in jest," never stops to consider whether under this pleasant fiction, the real facts of the case, may not be hid. He reads of the Cid Hamet Benengeli, and probably laughs at the oddity of the name, never dreaming that it conceals the real name of the author. For what is "Cid" but "Lord" or "Sir" (as the writer is careful to remind us), and what is "Hamet" but a jocular diminution for Bacon? And, as for "Benengeli," what is it but the Moorish form of "Englishman" (Ben—son of, and Engeli or Angli, an Angle—the whole forming "Lord Bacon, the Englishman")? It is true that he is represented as writing in Arabic, but that could deceive no one, while adding to "the fun of the thing." Moreover, it was but a deduction on the part of the learned Sancho, who, doubtless, is represented as making it to call special attention to the matter, to give emphasis to the fact, just as he is made to mistake the name of Benengeli, and to call it Beregena (a sort of nut) in order to draw extra attention to its real derivation.

The whole story is, indeed, *singular*—a bit of real history woven into the fiction, and just in Bacon's manner. Also in accordance with his principles of literary lying, which he justified in his Essay on "Simulation and Dissimulation," and it is odd, to say the least, that he summed it up in what he calls a wise *Spanish* proverb—translated roughly, "Tell a lie and find the truth."

But now let me proceed to give you the subsequent history of the book, on the assumption that some of your readers may not be aware of it. It was published, as I have said, in Spanish, at Madrid, in the year 1605, though some people think there was an earlier edition at Barcelona, a suggestion which, for reasons I shall mention, is not improbably correct.

It soon became known throughout the Spanish Empire, as the Bachelor Simon Carrasco reported, and in the year 1612 a version appeared of it in England, known as "Shelton's Translation," with a second edition, containing a continuation, or "Second Part," in 1620, supposed also to be by the same "Translator."

Now, what I propose to contend for here is that this so-called "Shelton's Translation," is no "translation" at all, but the *real original of the work*—the original by the author, "Cid Hamet Benengeli," *alias* "Francis Bacon, the Englishman."

This may appear a bold assertion, but please let your readers wait until they have heard my reasons for making it before rejecting it. In the first place, it has troubled the minds of all editors and critics of the book. They one and all declare it to be, far and away, the very best version of the story that has ever appeared in any language, but at the same time verbally the most incorrect from a translator's point of view. Many ingenious hypotheses have been evolved to explain this curious fact, but none of them in the least satisfactory. The Editor of the Edition I have* confesses, naively, that there is a "racy and untrammelled" catch and spirit in the Shelton version which the more learned and painstaking of his successors (and there have been many) can only envy! Poor, dear, innocent Editor! Neither he nor any of his "learned and painstaking" confreres has told us why; and there is no satisfactory "why" but the one I have above given, the simple and satisfactory reason that the "Shelton (so-called) Translation" is no "translation" at all, but the real English (or Arabic, as Sancho facetiously termed it) original of Cid Hamet Benengeli—Lord Bacon, the Englishman!

No "translation" can ever have the "catch and

*Macmillan, 1900.

spirit," the "raciness" and "untrammelled freedom" of the original. Witness Homer—the nearer you get to the text the farther you get from the spirit of the author. Nothing but the original ever satisfies, and what is true of Homer is even truer of Don Quixote, which, in its Spanish dress, was a translation, and a translation from a translation must have all the defects of that translation as well as its own. But, once admit that "Shelton's Translation" is the original of the work, and all difficulties which now trouble both editors of the work and its now puzzled readers disappear. It removes in the first place the difficulty of answering the question *who Shelton was*—a difficulty never yet surmounted by the most exemplary of inquiries or the most ingenious of guessers. Fancy the man who is said to have translated Don Quixote into English, and that *the finest English*, perhaps, *ever written*, not being known! My Editor (if I may so call him) *thinks* he may have been "of the Stock of the Norfolk Sheltons," and Mr. Alexander Wright says there was a "Shelton" once in Ireland "who *presumably* knew Spanish," because he was mixed with some treasonable correspondence with the King of Spain! And this is all the most industrious explorers of musty documents can tell you about Thomas Shelton, whose name stands on the title page of the first English copy of Don Quixote! Truly a marvel!

Let me now ask your readers to turn to the book itself—Shelton's Translation I mean. Turn to its title page with the inscription, "Translated by Thomas Shelton" on it, also to the Dedication to "My Lord of Walden," and signed, "Your Honour's Most Affectionate Servitor, Thomas Shelton," and then say if we have not here a most ingenious way of passing off the original as a translation

(Lord Howard de Walden, Bacon's friend, and his "affectionate Servitor," being "in the swim"). Do this in the light of what has been said of Bacon's mania for concealment, and then turn to the book itself and *read* there, and if you do not see there plainly the hand of Bacon himself—Bacon in his *Essays*, Bacon in his *New Atlantis*, Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*, not to speak of Bacon as Shakespeare, as humorist in his *Prose*, and as Poet, "with eye in fine frenzy rolling" in his *Verse*, then I have no more to say. To me, indeed, the reading of one chapter of *Don Quixote* in "Shelton's Translation" is sufficient to convince me that I am reading *Bacon*—the language is the same, the style is the same, and, what is more, the sentiments, the philosophy (for the Don and his squire were both of the Baconian faith as to everything) is the same. Nay, more, some of the incidental stories, which are generally skipped, are stories, or variants of stories, upon which some of the Shakespearian (that is to say, the Baconian) Plays are based, and here and there are parts which may be considered Biographical, as referring to Bacon.

But I have not time, or rather energy to go fully into these interesting particulars now. So I must let them stand over for a future occasion, if such should ever come, by which time my readers will, I hope, have studied well and thoroughly their Shelton's "Translation"!

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

PHILIPS' DON QUIXOTE. FOLIO 1687.

FROM time to time, in past years, there has been speculation as to the authorship of "Don Quixote."

In 1605, the First Part of the Book was published at Madrid—this being the same year that is assigned to the publication of the first perfect edition of "Hamlet."

A spurious Second Part of "Don Quixote" was published nine years later, in 1614, by one who wrote under the name of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas, near Madrid. And in 1615, the genuine Second Part of "Don Quixote" appeared in print.

Now I propose to examine any declarations of authorship that Philips' Book may give us, because I think a declaration on that subject in such a place, and dating from 1687, is of more value than surmise and argument, dating from the 20th century. It should, perhaps, be said here that the book under consideration is too free in style to be called a mere translation; it is vastly amusing, in spite of its vulgarity, and it generally follows the original story pretty closely; but it occasionally leaves out large pieces, and inserts new ones. It partakes, therefore, of the nature of a commentary, and from that point of view its comments are likely to be of value.

On pages 304 and 305, we find Sancho saying to Don Quixote: "Here's Bartholomew Carrasco's son—" and he tells me your Life is already in Print under the name of the "Most Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha.—Assuredly, replied Don Quixote, it must be a Necromancer who has writ this story—How should it be a Necromancer quo' Sancho—he writes his

" name *Cid Hamet Hen-en-baken*. That's an Arabian name, replied Don Quixote. That may well be quo' Sancho, your Arabians are great Admirers of Hen and Bacon." Don Quixote then says that the name is *Benengeli*, not *Hen-an-baken*, and informs Sancho that *Cid* signifies " Lord."

Again, on page 601, the spurious Second Part is referred to, and its author pointed at in the following words :—

" Look, look, what Book is that ? to whom the other made answer, 'tis the Second Part of ' Don Quixote,' not that which was composed by *Cid Hamet*, but by a certain Arragonian that goes by the name of " '*Tordesillas*.' "

Don Quixote then makes the remark that he knows the spurious story is printed, and that it is "*already sentenced to bottom of pyes or to the grocer for waste paper*, for had it been a true and faithful history 'twould ha' lasted to eternity." [Compare this statement with Shakespear's opinion as to the lasting character of his works.]

Other pages where *Cid Hamet* is proclaimed the author are 132, 325, 594, 599, 610, and others.

Now who is meant by *Cid Hamet Hen-en-baken* (the author), otherwise known as *Cid Hamet Benengeli* ?

Baken is explained by Sancho as " Bacon," and *Cid* by Don Quixote as " Lord."

" Henen " is changed by Don Quixote into " Henan," and this appears to be important, and we will take this latter spelling afterwards.

Does " Hamet " stand for " Hamlet " or a diminutive of " Ham " ?

" Henan " in anagram = " Henna " which means " Here is " in Arabic.

" Ben " in anagram = " Ebn," which means " a son " in Arabic.

"Engeli" = "Inglee" in anagram. So far as I can ascertain "Inglees" is "English" in Arabic, but it is spelt in several ways in my dictionaries. In any case "Inglee" is very near the mark.

I believe the missing letter S may be found in the reference to *Cid Ruydias* (page 449).

In anagram Ruydias = Idyura = "The Abbey" in Arabic; with the missing S left over.

Cid Idyura = the Lord of the Abbey = [St. Albans Abbey had precedence over all the abbeys in England.]

Placing our results together we get "Here is Hamet (Hamlet?) Lord Bacon, a son of England": and this person is proclaimed by the author of our volume as the writer of the History of Don Quixote.

The learned author of the article on Cervantes (embracing eighteen full columns in the great Times Encyclopædia) speaking of the first appearing of Part. I of Don Quixote says:

"The author himself was probably amazed at his own success: like his great contemporary Shakespeare, while careful of his lesser works he seems to have abandoned his masterpiece to the printers," elsewhere the same writer says: "there was more than one coincidence between the lives of these two great contemporaries" (Shakespeare and Cervantes). Unfortunately, this writer does not explain what he means by this last cryptic remark.

Now it is a curious coincidence that "Cervantes" (so far as I can ascertain) never claimed to be the author of Don Quixote: on the contrary, he disclaimed such authorship: for both in the Spanish and in "Shelton's" faithful translation "Cervantes" says in his preface, "Though I show as a father, I am in truth but a step-father to Don Quixote." And in like manner I am not aware that Shakespear ever claimed to be the author of the immortal plays. Philips in the

book under our consideration alludes to Cervantes (on page 25) as the author of "Galatea," but it is not suggested that he wrote Don Quixote.

On a dozen different occasions, on the contrary, Philips asserts the author to be Cid Hamet Henanbaken. And on page 36 he tells us that the book was *translated* into Spanish and that it took six weeks to translate it.

I recently quoted a long word given by Philips in Don Quixote, very similar to the long word given in Love's Labour Lost. Philip's word was (on page 213)

SORBONICOFICABILITVDINISTALLY.

and the anagram message enclosed was

O IN ITALICS.

IT IS BY OLD FR. BACON, L.V.I.

It was by searching in the italic letters that I found the message which is the subject of this article.

BEN. HAWORTH-BOOTH.

“ROMEUS AND JULIET.”

IN the article “Notes on *Romeo and Juliet*” (BACONIANA, July, 1915), the year 1562, as the date of the poem “Romeus and Juliet,” is questioned, and because of similarities of expression and incident, between it and Shakespeare, and the fact that the poem contains much beautiful imagery, the suggestion is made that Francis Bacon was the author. But with all its merits, is it worthy to be compared with “Venus and Adonis,” or “Lucrece”? To read a page of “Romeus and Juliet,” and then some verses of either of the Shakespeare poems, must surely be enough to convince anybody that they did not proceed from the same learned brain.

The parallelism between the line—

In nothing Fortune constant save in inconstancie
and in Bacon’s translation of Psalm 104, (1625)—

The moon so constant in unconstancy,
seems to me quite worthless, for on page 260 of “The Shakespeare Symphony” that expression is quoted from Peele (1594), Lodge (1590), Greene (1587), Marston (1604), and Anon (*Fair Maid of Bristow*—1605). It also occurs in “Euphues” (1578-9), and in Barnfield’s Poems.

The lines “To the Reader” about “the mountain beare” licking her young into shape, is derived from Pliny, Book VIII. True, the fable is borrowed by Shakespeare in 3 Henry VI., III.—2, and mentioned by Bacon in *Sylva Sylvarum*, but Bacon’s and Shakespeare’s indebtedness to Pliny is notorious.

Even allowing for the frequent false dating of books,

the date and authorship of the Poem are surely above suspicion. It is stated to be—

"Imprinted at London in Fleete Streete within Temple bar at the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill, the XIX day of November. An. do. 1562."

From the following lines in "An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke drownde in passing to New-Haven," by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567], we learn that the former was the author of this poem—

"Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
And of the never-fading baye did make
A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
In proufe that he for myter did excell,
As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate* ;
For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
When he the tale to English did translate.
But what ? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
Amid the seas unluckie youth was drownd,
More speedie death than such one did deserve.

Of the many parallelisms between the poem and the play, one of the most interesting is the following—

"'Ere long the townish dames together will resort ;
Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely
port,
With so fast-fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold,
That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions
past of old.
And as out a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth
rive.

In the corresponding lines in the play (Act. I. Sc. 2) is written—

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

In “Coriolanus” we find—

One fire drives out one fire ; one nail one nail.

In Lily's “Euphues” (1580)—

“a fire divided in twain burneth slower ;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiscence of the first.”

In Reed's “Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms,” these extracts from Bacon's writings are cited—

“When two heats differ much in degree, one destroys the other. (*De Principiis atque Originibus*).

To drive out a nail with a nail. (“*Clavum clavo pellere*”) (*Promus*, 1594-6).

This parallel finds its origin in Erasmus—

Clavus clavo pellitur, consuetudo consuetudine vincitur.

(A nail is driven out by another, habit is overcome by habit).

That fire is put out by flames is a Latin proverb (*Incendium ignibus extinguitur*), and is quoted by Montaigne (Bk. 3, chap. 5).

Undoubtedly, many parallels between the writings of Bacon and Shakespeare are merely extractions from ancient writers, and, therefore, of little significance as evidence of identical authorship, but they confound the absurd theory of the “unlettered genius.”

However, hundreds of parallelisms have been collected which can only be explained one way, viz., the philosophical poet and the poetical philosopher were one and the same.

R. EAGLE.

JOTTINGS ON LORD BACON.

TO be judged a great man among great men is surely a triumph, and one is desirous of knowing in what way the great man rose above his compeers. How is it that his name has come down to posterity, to be quoted and referred to, while that of a contemporary who apparently worked harder, and published more in the way of learned works, is overlooked, and his books are left on one side as of no real importance. In this way the contrast between Francis Bacon and Dr. John Dee is striking.

Both were studious, learned, and endeavoured to probe nature's secrets, and harness them for man's use.

They tried to advance knowledge by every means in their power (and their powers in this way were not small), yet Bacon's name and fame towers above that of Dee.

On looking into the life of the Doctor, one finds that he was an astronomer as well as astrologer, a mathematician and philosopher, a geographer and mineralogist, an assayer and alchemist, a bibliographer and writer upon navigation, and also a reformer of the calendar, and an authority upon the ebb and flow of tides, but above all, his chief fame rests on his physical research and occult secrets, and he must have been the author of at least 50 books and treatises. To balance this outpour of literature Bacon's name only appears on about half-a-dozen title pages.

Who reads Dee nowadays ?

When his name is mentioned, the opprobrious title of " conjurer " or " necromancer " is generally added.

Yet it is quite certain that if Dee could return to earth now, he could make a handsome income from the credulous, who would flock to his studio to "crystal gaze," just as they did over 300 years ago. Not as a projector of physical phenomena did Dee wish to be remembered in the world, but all his science has sunk under the waters of "magical arts."

Bacon no doubt was also eager to consult the unknown, and learn new secrets, but he was heavily weighed down to earth by the study of the law, and this ponderous chain prevented our great philosopher from soaring, as Dee did, into the cloudy realms, or dabbling openly in physical research and "skrying."

To study the ways of fairies and airy spirits was a fascinating occupation, but where the one man tried to make them his close companions, till his brain reeled, the other used them for a very different purpose; which was to enhance his dramatic art. And this has made the younger student famous.

It is strange to think that during Elizabeth and James' reigns, the most stringent laws were passed directing that all persons should suffer death who practised sorcery or who conjured up evil spirits. Yet we hear of Elizabeth constantly consulting Dr. Dee about the future, and gazing into his crystal, also encouraging him in his efforts to get the "Spirits" to assist him in his efforts to transmute baser metals into gold.

Bacon's dream was also of the philosopher stone, but while he patiently plodded on with chemicals and compounds, his more impatient neighbour called the spirits to his aid through a medium, and demanded the information from *them* as to where buried treasure was to be found, and what chemicals to lay upon copper to transmute it into gold.

Dee and Bacon were friends and neighbours, and

both were known in the Royal palaces. The doctor died in 1608, at the age of 85, while Bacon at that date was only about 46.

Their residences were almost within sight, on the banks of the Thames, Dee residing at Mortlake and his younger friend at Twickenham, opposite Richmond Palace.

Both were suitors to the Queen for "place" and both had a reputation among the learned wise men in foreign countries far beyond their contemporaries in their own line.

They each held correspondence with the greatest living authorities on science at home and abroad. They both were admitted to the friendship of kings and princes, and their published works were valued.

That Dee was of a very credulous nature is seen in the way he allowed the quack medium, Ed. Kelley, to induce him to believe that many spirits were attending to his wants. Notwithstanding the fascinating presence of his fairy spirit, called "Madini," in her gown of "Sey," and another projection from the astral plain called "Uriel," no answer to vital questions was vouchsafed, and only religious homilies were expounded.

Still Dee had the greatest faith in Kelly's occult powers, and the séances went on year after year, but everything failed, and all came to nothing, except that Dee ended his life under the suspicions of being a necromancer.

In an interview with the Emperor Rudolf in Prague, Dee told him that the fairy who was most useful to him was called "Uriel." This spirit had "finished his books for him and had brought him a store of more value than any earthly thing." The name "Uriel" forcibly reminds one of light "Ariel," who proved such a beneficent spirit in *The Tempest*. Did

Bacon get the idea from his elderly friend, Dr. Dee ?

Again, Bacon has written of the " Vital Spirits of Nature," and he also made scientific enquiries into " Witchcraft." His works on the ebb and flow of the sea, upon tides, and upon winds, are well known. Dr. Dee also brought out treatise upon all these studies, and the two men were evidently working on the same lines ; yet one is read and the other neglected. They are so alike in some ways, and so different in others, but both might quote as Othello did :—

" In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can see."

A. CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

REVIEWS.

" A Life of William Shakespeare." By Sir Sidney Lee,
Hon. D.Lit. Oxford, etc. 8vo. Smith, Elder & Co.,
London. 8s. 6d. net.

Sir Sidney Lee has brought his Life of Shakespeare up to date in a volume which is about twice the size of the former edition. If it is regarded from the orthodox point of view it must be welcomed as the most complete and comprehensive work which has appeared on the subject. It is far more than a biography. It embraces information on every subject which can be associated with the Stratford man and it includes a most valuable *resumé* of the history of the plays from the date of their first publication to recent times. As a piece of workmanship it is deserving of the highest praise. The author has the faculty of compressing into a limited space a vast quantity of details and dates without inflicting upon the reader a sense of boredom. Whether Sir Sidney is summarizing the little facts which patient and persistent research has unearthed with reference to the members of the Shakspeare family, or discoursing upon the actors and theatres of the period or tracing the gradual development of the dramatist's mind and skill or treating

of the growth of appreciation in this, and other countries of the incomparable value of the plays he is always interesting and enlightening. The clever manner in which the sparse and trivial incidents which have been recorded of Shakespeare's life are supplemented by inferences and conjectures so deftly woven into the story that they bear all the semblance of historical facts demands high encomiums of the author's literary powers.

Of the new matter, the chapters on the Editors of the Eighteenth century and after, *Posthumous reputation in England and America*, and *Shakespeare's foreign vogue*, may be cited as of exceptional merit. But everywhere evidence of the skill of the craftsman is revealed and the volume must go far in enhancing the high reputation which the author already enjoys.

The reviewers have striven to outdo each other in their peans of praise. Criticism is by common consent ruled out of place in any review or notice of this book. But in perusing these productions an observing reader will notice that there is in the minds of most of the writers a subconscious unrest. *The Times* Reviewer says :—"The essential Shakespeare the while, wily as ever, conspicuously eludes the revelation of the lens. The Sphinx remains as Sphinx-like as ever."

Mr. Thomas Secombe, who on more than one occasion has said with Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadest me to become, &c.," in his article in the *Observer* writes :—"Sir Sidney is an orthodox Agnostic on the subject of the real Shakespeare."

The Daily Telegraph writer says : "There is so little to say about Shakespeare the man. It would all go into one or two chapters of direct narrative and it is all a record of external events." . . . "These things however interesting, however in their own branch of knowledge important, are not the exhibition of a human soul, not biography, not Shakespeare." Charles Dickens gave voice to these misgivings in a franker manner, when he said :—"The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should turn up."

These rifts in the lute are of significance. The reviewers have at the back of their minds a recollection of the doubts that have been raised as to whether the Stratford man *was* the author of the works attributed to him and they lay down Sir Sidney Lee's great work with a consciousness that "things are not what they seem." In effect, they are in accord in giving an affirmative answer, however much they

may desire to avoid doing so, to Mr. G. Greenwood's question "Is there a Shakespeare problem?" But there is a still more illuminating circumstance. From the chapter on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy in an Appendix Sir Sidney Lee has in this edition omitted the last paragraph. He no longer affirms that "The abundance of the contemporary evidence attesting Shakespeare's responsibility for the works published under his name gives the Baconian theory no rational right to a hearing." What does Mr. Thomas Secombe mean when he writes:—"Sir Sidney is an orthodox agnostic on the subject of the real Shakespeare?" Is it becoming obvious that the time is not far distant when an attempt must be made to find a solution to the problem?

Having done but bare justice to the excellence of the author's work from the orthodox point of view it may be permissible to offer a few criticisms from the Baconian standpoint. It is impracticable to travel over the whole scope of the book but the few instances which will be cited are only examples of the scores of similar misleading statements which occur. The first statement to which attention may be directed is outside of any controversy as to the authorship of the plays, but its accuracy has an important bearing upon a consideration of the causes which led up to the English Renaissance in literature. Sir Sidney says:—

"An unprecedented zeal for education was a prominent characteristic of Tudor England, and there was scarcely an English town which did not witness the establishment in the sixteenth century of a well-equipped public school. Stratford shared with the rest of the country the general respect for literary study. Secular literature as well as theology found its way into the parsonages, and libraries adorned the great houses of the neighbourhood. The townsmen of Stratford gave many proofs of pride in the municipal school which offered them a taste of academic culture. There John Shakespeare's eldest son William probably made his entry in 1571, where Walter Roche, B.A., was retiring from the mastership in favour of Simon Hunt, B.A. . . . As was customary in provincial schools the poet learned to write the "Old English" character which resembles that still in vogue in Germany. He was never taught the Italian script, which was winning its way in cultured society and is now universal among Englishmen. Until his death Shakespeare's 'Old English' writing testified to his provincial education."

A footnote gives the information that before the reign of Henry VII. there were only sixteen public schools unconnected with the Monasteries. Sixteen were established during Henry's reign, 63 during that of Henry VIII., 50 during that of Edward VI., 19 during that of Queen Mary, 138 during Elizabeth's, and 83 during that of James I. It would be interesting to see the full particulars of these schools and know where they were established and what was the number of students provided for at each and the general scope of the education given. How far was there founded an interest in literary study? Even the establishment of 349 schools over a period of 140 years during which the country enjoyed exceptional prosperity is not a very momentous fact, nor does it justify the statement that there was an unprecedented zeal for education.

Mrs. Stopes's discovery of the inventory of a library of 179 books belonging to a curate, of which six were secular works, five written in Latin, one in English, does not support the idea that there was a general appreciation of and a yearning after literary culture. Nor does Sir George Carew's possession of a copy of John Florio's "*Worlde of Wordes*." If an inventory of that statesman's books could be found it would be very illuminating, but even that library, rich in modern books as it would be, would not support the idea, that there was any widespread interest in the production of the great literature of the period, a production which is without a parallel during a similar period in the literary history in any other country. A catalogue of the library of Sir Thomas Smith, who was, first, Greek Reader, then University orator at Cambridge, and subsequently Principal Secretary of State in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, is extant. The library contained upwards of a thousand volumes, but not more than five are written in the English language, and three of these are legal works. The catalogue of the Bodlean library in 1620 contains only a very small proportion of books written in the English tongue. Many works previously published in English which one would expect to find there are absent. There was no demand for English books at this period, and yet there was a phenomenal production of them. Sir Sidney Lee would have his readers believe that the works of Shakespeare were a natural product of the period. They were not. They were thrust on it and were at least 100 years if not 200 years before their time.

Where is there any evidence that the people of Stratford

took any interest in literary study or that they gave "many proofs of pride in the municipal school"? They neither established nor provided for its maintenance. "John Shakspeare's son, William, probably entered the school in 1571," says Sir Sidney, and in order to make the assertion appear more authentic the change of mastership is advanced. But there is not a shadow of evidence in existence to prove that he ever set foot within its portals. It is a piece of pure assumption to say even that he *probably* did. But the next statement is definite without any saving "probably" or doubtless—"The poet learned to write the 'Old English' character."—"He was never taught the Italian Script." Two statements in support of which no evidence exists.

The remainder of the chapter is written in the same manner and is intended to lead the reader to believe that there exists most circumstantial particulars of the course of education followed by John Shakspeare's eldest son, whereas the truth is that there is no evidence that he ever received any education at Stratford or elsewhere.

Can there be any more grotesque example of writing history than is contained in this sentence referring to the revels at Kenilworth on the Queen's visit in 1575—"It is reasonable to assume that some of the spectators were from Stratford and that they included the elder Shakespeare and his son." The son was a boy of eleven years of age. This is fiction, not biography. Was he eleven in 1575? Was he three years Anne Hathaway's minor? Was he born in 1564? There is no record remaining made in 1564 of either his birth or baptism. The register of Holy Trinity Church at that date does not exist. In 1600 the present register was started, but certain entries were written up in it dating back from the accession of Queen Elizabeth. What if there were a little dissimulation which was once described as "a compendious wisdom" practised in the writing up of this register? The chapters on "The Farewell to Stratford" and "The Migration to London" are worthy of Harrison Ainsworth. The route which the young man of 22, who it has been said carried with him the manuscript of *Venus and Adonis*, might have taken is described, the inns at which he might have stayed are enumerated. All very pretty, but pure fiction, not biography. The histories of the printers, Vautrollier and Field, are brought in to do service to the versimilitude of this story of fiction. It is, however, satisfactory to find Sir Sidney Lee describing the theory that Field found work for John Shakspeare's

eldest son in Vautrollier's printing office as "an airy fancy which needs no refutation." But there are just as substantial grounds for this theory as there are for ninety per cent. of the incidents set forth in the life which are equally "airy fancies which need no refutation."

The chapter on "Shakespeare and the Actors" is built up on the same plan—a quantity of very interesting historical facts are given, and then there are sandwiched in such sentences as this :—

"Shakespeare's earliest reputation was made as an actor, and, although his work as a dramatist soon eclipsed his histrionic fame, he remained a prominent member of the actor's profession, till near the end of his life."

There is no "probably" or "doubtless" here. The assertions are emphatic. Shakespeare's earliest reputation made as an actor! Why, even the belated tradition of Rowe states that his earliest reputation was made as a holder of horses outside the theatre. His work as a dramatist soon eclipsed his histrionic fame! "Histrionic fame" is very good. There is not a vestige of a scrap of contemporary evidence that he ever had a vestige of a scrap of histrionic fame. He remained a prominent member of the actors profession until near the end of his life! Why was Sir Sidney Lee satisfied with such moderate statements when his imagination might have soared to much higher altitudes. Why not have said that he organized the actors into a society, and, supporting Mr. J. M. Robertson's assertion, that the actors discussed word values in the green room, that John Shakspere's eldest son exhibited such a power for subtle distinctions that his reputation as a coiner of words eclipsed that of Ben Jonson and on many occasions the actors adjourned to the Mermaid Inn and appealed to that literary notability to support their contentions against those of the horseholder. That these wit combats were the sensation of the day. That so enthusiastic was this said horseholder in raising the reputation of the stage, as he had already raised that of horseholding, that he established, anticipating Sir Herbert Tree, a school for actors over which he presided and earned large sums for tuition in elocution and stage deportment, and that so it came about that in Hamlet he gave the public, free, gratis, for nothing, the valuable advice as to how to become an actor. There would be just as much foundation for such "an airy fancy" as there is for the statement

in the sentence which has just been quoted from "A Life of William Shakespeare." The only contemporary evidence that there was a Shakspeare, not necessarily John Shakspeare's eldest son, an actor, is (1) the entry in 1594 in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Royal Chamber of the payment of xx. li; to Kempe, Shakespeare and Burbage for the performance of two comedies at Greenwich*; (2) the name William Shakespeare is found in the list of players to whom in 1603 James granted a license to enact comedies; (3) in the first edition, 1614, of Jonson's plays the name appears on the list of the actors who took part in them; (4) in the first folio edition, 1623, of the Shakespeare plays the name stands first in a similar list. The reference to our fellow Shakespeare in "The Return from Parnasus" may possibly be cited as a fifth. Where is the "reputation," "histrionic fame"?

If theories are permissible, the following has as much right to a rational hearing as any other. Supposing Bacon had adopted as a *nom-de-plume* the name of William Shakespeare and had discovered a man, John Shakspeare's eldest son, bearing a somewhat similar name whom he desired to send down to posterity as the author of certain poems and plays written by himself, having first with Southampton's financial assistance packed this expert horseholder off to Stratford and started him there as a gentleman, there is no obstacle in the way of Bacon if he were the real author causing all these entries to be made to give colour to the great illusion.

Sir Sidney Lee holds no Royal license for the exclusive right to employ the imagination when writing biography.

Here is one more quotation from the chapter on "Shakespeare and the Actors":—"There is little doubt that at an early period Shakespeare joined this eminent company of actors which in due time won the favour of King James. From 1592, some six years after the dramatists arrived in London, until the close of his professional career, more than twenty years later, such an association is well attested.

*In a footnote on page 87, Sir Sidney Lee says that in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Royal Chamber, "Mention is sometimes made of the plays produced, but the parts assumed by professional actors at Court are never stated. It is very rare, as in the present instance, to find the actors in the royal presence mentioned individually. No name is usually found save that of the manager or assistant-manager to whom the royal fee was paid." A very curious entry is this to be made in the year after the publication of *Venus and Adonis*, when the name *William Shakespeare* for the first time appeared in print.

But the precise date and circumstance of his enrolment and his initial promotions are matters of conjecture. Most of his colleagues of later life opened their histrionic careers in Lord Leicester's professional service, and there is plausible ground for inferring that Shakespeare from the first trod in their footsteps. But direct information is lacking."

It begins with "There is little doubt. It proceeds to "matters of conjecture," and "plausible grounds for inferring" and appropriately ends with "but direct information is lacking."

In the chapter, "On the London Stage," is a statement of special interest:—"In the reign of King James the scenic machinery at Court rapidly developed at the hands of Inigo Jones, the great architect, and separate set scenes with devices for their rapid change came to replace the old methods of simultaneous multiplicity."

The footnote does not give the desired information as to the authority for this statement. It is recorded that Inigo Jones co-operated with Ben Jonson on the production of masques, but that he revolutionised theatrical stage scenery was not previously known to the writer. What a field for "matters for conjecture" and "plausible grounds for inferring" is opened up to a Baconian as to who enlisted the services of Inigo Jones in the form of stage scenery. Thomas Bodley's words obtrude themselves on one's mind, written when commending Bacon for his course of study which led to the *Cogitata et Visa*:—"Which course would to God (to whisper as much in your ear) you had followed at first, when you fell to the study of such a thing as was not worthy of such a student."

It is to be regretted that in this new edition the assertion should be repeated that "The publisher Chettle wrote in 1592 that Shakespeare was 'excellent in the qualitie he professes,' and again that reproaching himself with failing to soften Green's phraseology before committing it to the press in "Kind Heartes Dreame," Chettle said, "I am as sorry as if the original fault had bene my fault because myselfe have seene his (*i.e.*, Shakespeare's) demeanour no less civill than he excelent in the quality he professes, besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art," and again:—"Meanwhile Shakespeare was gaining esteem in a circle more exclusive than that of actors, men of letters, or the general reading public. His genius and 'civil demeanour' of which Chettle wrote in 1592

arrested the notice not only of the brilliant Earl of Southampton, but of other exalted patrons of literature and the drama."

It is beyond argument or doubt that Chettle was not referring to Shakespeare when he offered the apology referred to. That eminent Shakespearean scholar, the late Mr. F. G. Fleay, after examining the passages in question, shows that it was to Marlow the apology was offered, and says :—

" To Peele he makes no apology nor was any required. Shakespeare was not one of those who took offence ; they are expressly stated to have been two of the authors addressed by Greene ; the third, Lodge, was not in England."

As to the growing fame of John Shakspeare's eldest son, or even the fame of the poet as such, the testimony of Mr. C. M. Ingleby, than whom there is no higher authority, is conclusive. In the preface to the " Century of Praise," he writes, " It is clear that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of his time."

Why even Cuthbert Burbage and his sister in 1633 had only heard of Shakspeare as one of a crowd of deserving men employed by their father ! When they were seeking to impress the Earl of Pembroke, who was one of the two incomparable pair of brethren to whom the " First Folio " was dedicated, and advancing every argument they could in order to retain their shares in the Globe, they did not consider it worth while to mention that it was at the Globe that Shakespeare's plays were produced.

And yet in what purports to be a serious and authentic life of John Shakspeare's eldest son, without " probably " or " doubtless " or any other saving word the author can affirm that the brilliant horseholder, having gained the esteem of the actors, men of letters, and the general reading public, his genius and civil demeanour arrested the attention not only of the brilliant Earl of Southampton, but of other exalted patrons of literature and the drama !

What is biography coming to ? Such methods are beyond criticism. One can only gaze in astonishment at the superb enthusiasm of the writer whose every word deservedly enjoys a rational hearing from distinguished reviewers and men of letters. How insane Baconians are to imagine that their serious theories, founded on actual facts and historical evidence could be worthy of consideration by such a brilliant array of literary pundits who can indulge in rapturous and ecstatic praise for such a stupendous work of fiction as is the life of John Shakspeare's eldest son.

But this notice has already exceeded the space allotted to the subject, and only 152 out of the 720 pages of the book have been reviewed. It would be an easy matter to fill quire after quire of paper with statements running through the volume as glaringly inaccurate as those already cited. Enough, however, has been said to put readers of "The Life" on their guard, if a caution be indeed necessary, against accepting as true history this brilliant work of Sir Sidney Lee. For a brilliant work it is, in spite of any assaults upon it which may be made by half educated Baconians and one which is worthy of the high encomiums passed upon it by the distinguished reviewers. The battle array and equipment of the army of orthodox Shakespeareans has been in preparation not for one generation, but for centuries, every artifice which could be enlisted in support of the Stratford man's title has been employed, facts and historical evidence have been ruthlessly manipulated and distorted. When arguments failed to silence the heretics, the supporters of the myth have resorted to "frightfulness" and have heaped denunciations on the searchers after truth; sarcasm, irony, scorn, misrepresentation, and vituperation have been squandered on them. But the extracts from the reviews which have recently appeared on this work given on page 40. clearly demonstrate that there is a perceptible diminution in the quantity and quality of the munitions of the orthodox. Meanwhile steadily, but surely, the strength of the heretics is increasing. Time is on their side. The more the authorship of the Shakespeare poems and plays is debated, the more the weakness of the orthodox army is made apparent. Patience, persistence, and perseverance are all that are necessary to ensure eventual victory, be it long or short in coming. The heretics are armed with truth, it is their first line of defence and their last. Truth will eventually prevail.

And the age is not far distant, if it is not at hand, when the finishing touch shall be given to the fame of the greatest Englishman, if not the greatest man the world has ever known, the fame of which Rawley claimed to have laid the foundation in the Manes Verulamiani.

“ Is there a Shakespeare Problem ? ” With a reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang. By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. John Lane, London.

Mr. George Greenwood's contributions to the Shakespeare controversy are assuming considerable proportions. His first work was published in 1908, under the title of *The Shakespeare Problem re-stated*. This was followed by *In re-Shakespeare, Beeching v. Greenwood. Rejoinder on behalf of the defendant*. Then came *The Vindicators of Shakespeare, a reply to critics*; and now he has published *Is there a Shakespeare Problem ?* which is in the main a reply to Mr. Andrew Lang's *Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown*; and Mr. J. M. Robertson's *The Eltonian Heresy*.

It was a perusal of the so-called “ Biographies ” of Shakespeare, “ full of the ‘ fanciful might-have-beens,’ stating bare possibilities and sometimes extreme improbabilities, as actual biographical facts; works of imagination and not of history; fond things vainly invented,” that induced Mr. Greenwood to enter the arena, and he modestly claims that he has, at least, done something useful if he has “ helped to clear away some of these finely-spun delusive cobwebs, to prick some of these preposterous bubbles of uncritical and not too scrupulous imagination.” This, and much more, has Mr. Greenwood accomplished, for his quartet will stand out as books to which the literary students can turn for reliable information on practically every subject which has been discussed in connection with “ John Shakspeare's eldest son,” or the author of the Shakespeare poems and plays, if they be not one and the same. It is no idle boast that Mr. Greenwood makes when he says: “ I am conscious of only one desire in this connection, which is to ascertain the truth.” The books contain the result of the labour

of years spent in study and careful research. No fanciful theories are elaborated. No sensational assertions are made. Patiently, step by step, Mr. Greenwood traverses the statements, arguments and conclusions of his opponents, and with merciless logical acumen analyses them and lays bare their fallacies and weaknesses.

His method of writing, clear, if full, even in some cases to repletion, is so fair that the impartial reader cannot but be impressed with the force of his conclusions. He takes nothing for granted, frankly puts before the reader his opponent's case, and then proceeds exhaustively to combat it. If a criticism might be offered it would be that he does his work too effectively ; having slain his opponent in fair fight, with one weapon, he returns to the dead body, and slays him again with another. In controversy he is in his element, and Beeching, Sullivan, Lang and Robertson are again and again hung, drawn and quartered. The unbiassed reader cannot fail to recognise that the triumphs of the fray are carried off by the assailant of the title of author claimed for, but never claimed by, John Shakspeare's eldest son.

Is there a Shakespeare Problem ? is written in a fine, breezy, conversational style, which enables the reader, without weariness, to wade through a mass of facts, quotations, dates and arguments which, treated with less skill, might prove undigestible.

Mr. Greenwood is not a Baconian. This is to be regretted, for, after all, the fullest investigation discovers the strongest position. It is not that John Shakspeare's eldest son did not write the poems and plays, but that Francis Bacon was the only man who has ever lived who possessed the qualifications indispensable for their production, therefore he must have been their author. If he was, the Stratford man

could not have been the author. Mr. Greenwood refuses to express a definite opinion as to the authorship, but he favours the theory of collaboration. His views are fully set out in the chapter on *Many Pens and one master mind*. Exception may be taken to many of the arguments advanced in support of this theory.

Mr. Greenwood opens the battle with a fierce, not one whit too fierce, attack on Mr. J. M. Robertson's controversial methods. The chapter on *Shakespeare's Legal Knowledge* is very strong and appears to place beyond doubt the fact that the author of the plays had not merely a passing acquaintance with legal terms, but that he was deeply versed in the intricacies and technicalities of the law as practised in England, and even in other countries. The chapter on *The Learning of Shakespeare* is equally forcible. It is impossible to get away from Mr. Greenwood's conclusions. Under the heading of *The Real Shakespeare Problem*, occupying 102 pages, the reader has laid before him the kernel of the discussion. How any fair-minded person can read this chapter and still maintain that there is no Shakespeare Problem, it is difficult to realise ! It would be of great value if this portion of the volume could be reprinted and circulated as a pamphlet. The main grounds for devoting the conventional belief have never been more explicitly stated.

In considering the argument of genius under the title of *Professor Dryasdust and Genius*, is given Professor Tyndall's description of "scientific imagination," which enables a man, even after the lapse of many generations, to put himself in the place of another, and to realise the conditions and the possibilities of the environment in which that other lived, moved, and had his being. That is the indispensable condition, without which no investigator can hope to arrive at a

reliable conclusion as to the point at issue in this controversy. A very much wider field must be covered than has hitherto been attempted before the conditions and possibilities of the environment of the author of the Shakespeare poems and plays can be realised. The enquiry must go back to the conditions surrounding the production of literature in England, at any rate to the time of Sir Thomas Elyot. It must especially be directed to that remarkable production of works in the English tongue, many of which were translations from other languages on every conceivable subject, which commenced about the year 1576 and had ceased by 1633. It must embrace a similar knowledge of French literature from the publication of Du Bellay's *La defence et illustration de la Langue Francoyse* in 1549, to the year 1626, and should include, at any rate, a general survey of the products of the Dutch and Belgian printers during the latter part of that period. So far as both English and French literatures are concerned, no facilities exist for such an investigation. The greater portion of the books published during that period have never been reprinted. Copies of them are scarce and they are known only to second-hand booksellers and a few book collectors, who have made a speciality of that period. It is essential that the investigator should have such a knowledge of the Latin tongue as would enable him to read books written in it with the same ease as he would if they were written in his own language. That he should possess that scientific imagination upon which Mr. Greenwood has laid stress is a *sine qua non*, as is also that he should enter into the enquiry with an unbiassed and impartial frame of mind. Given such a man—possessing a keen critical intellect and a power for comprehensive grasp who would apply all his faculties to an investigation of what is known as the Renais-

sance of English literature—for the first time effective conditions would have been created for a solution of the problem the existence of which has been demonstrated by Mr. Greenwood. There would be many problems which might be solved and amongst these would be whether the Shakespeare plays were a normal product of the period, or whether they were born out of due season and in anticipation of a condition of culture which did not arise until nearly three centuries later. A genius such as the world has never known before or since was he who gave birth to those inimitable poems and plays, but the idea that they could have been the offspring, to adopt Coleridge's words, of "the anomalous wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism" is outside the pale of possibility. Dr. C. M. Ingleby wrote in 1874 :—"We are at length slowly rounding to a just estimate of his (Shakespeare's) works ; and the time seems to be at hand when men of culture will attribute to the object of their admiration a much higher range of powers than were requisite for the production of the most popular and successful dramas in the world."

In Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, it is written : "Let it be accepted as a truth past all debate, that among the great ones of the earth Shakespeare stands alone, in unapproachable majesty. What was the secret of his power ; from whence derived this marvellous insight into human nature under all circumstances, ages and climes, this accurate knowledge of sciences, arts, governments, morals, manners, philosophies, and codes, this exquisite command of language, never wielded with such skill before or since, by which each character, event, or thought is drawn in lines of living light ? This, the greatest of all human mysteries which we have received from our fathers, we must transmit, deepened and heightened rather

than lessened by our labours, to our children." It will be a disgrace to the men and women who speak the language of Shakespeare who consciously and unconsciously are daily using his phrases to express their thoughts, if some definite and organised attempt be not made to find a solution to the Shakespeare problem.

Shakespeare's writing is fully discussed and there is a chapter on the name *Shakespeare*, in which Mr. Greenwood brings under his lash "the uninstructed pen of Mr. E. H. Sothorn." The arguments in favour of the importance of the exact spelling—William Shakespeare—are ably advanced, but Mr. Greenwood asserts that he does not rest his case "on the spelling of the name." The writer of this notice would be prepared to stake all on the spelling. With the help of Mr. E. V. Tanner he would prove not merely its importance, but that from that spelling and the date of the folio may be deduced with the certainty of a mathematical demonstration the name of the author. But the time has yet to come when a scientific examination of the evidence in favour of this contention will be undertaken, Come that time will and when it does the Shakespeare controversy will be a matter of the past. The spirit of truth will breathe on the dry bones and a fame surpassing all other fames will be born—Rawley's "finishing touch" will be the product of that age.

In *Jonsonian Utterances and the First Folio*, Mr. Greenwood bravely faces what appear to be the strongest arguments of the orthodox. He adopts the explanation that the true interpretation of the words "and though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek" is "even if thou hadst small Latin and less Greek than thou hast." It is satisfactory to note that at least two of the orthodox reviewers of *Is there a Shakespeare Problem?* agree with this view. Certainly the words bear

this construction. What is perhaps the most suggestive sentence in the panegyric has escaped comment. What is the explanation of these words :—

“ But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets.”

Jonson knew the difference between a group of stars, a constellation and a star. He was not throwing words at the reader's head. Every syllable in that poem has been placed there with care and premeditation. The Pleiade was a group of poets, Shakespeare was to shine forth as the star of Poets, but who was that man who so overshadowed all others that in future years were to be attributed to him, the dignity and grandeur of a constellation, in which the star of Poets would be the Alpha ?

There are chapters on *The book of the Revels at Court*, *Shakespeare a groom of the Chamber*, and *The Portraits of Shakespere*, and the volume concludes with “Shakespeare and Nature,” full of interest and information. There are copious and enlightening notes at the end of most of the chapters and three appendices, an envoy, a postscript, and an excellent index, a perusal of which will reveal the wide extent of the author's reading. Mr. Greenwood appears determined that his readers shall not lack enlightenment in side issues.

“ Well ! it is now publique and you will stand to your priviledges wee know ; to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That does best commend a Booke, the stationer saies.”

“ The Greatest of Literary Problems—The Authorship of the Shakespeare Works,” an exposition of all points at issue from their inception to this present moment. By James Phinney Baxter, with illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

When reviews were plentiful on Mr. J. M. Robertson's

The Baconian heresy it was a favourite expression of the writers that the volume constituted the last word on the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and that thenceforth the Baconian Heretics were silenced for ever. Some ill-informed reviewers went so far as to say that with the late Sir Edwin Dunning Lawrence the advocacy of the theory of Bacon's authorship died. But orthodox reviewers are not infallible, and if Mr. Robertson's book was the last word it must have been on the Stratfordian side only, for the publication of works on the heretical side appears to be increasing rather than subsiding.

"The Greatest of Literary Problems" is the latest item in the bibliography of the subject. It contains 686 pages, 8-vo Royal, and is profusely illustrated. The object of the author is to enable his readers to obtain a comprehensive understanding of the subject without an incursion into fields of forbidding extent. In a simple volume he endeavours, with success, to present a critical study of the controversy with a review of the work of the students who have preceded him.

A full notice of the book will appear in the next number of *BACONIANA*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "SAFEGUARDING" THEORIES.

To the Editor of BACONIANA.

A final word or two before quitting this subject.

1. Lady Ann had not parted with Markes to Francis in 1589. Her complaint in that year was of Anthony alone. 10s. sterling could revoke the 1584 deed. In 1592 she parted with Markes to the limit of £1,300 and interest. Hence remark of 17th April, 1593. Even then she had her mortmain of £200 per annum and rentals. She kept many servants and lived in comfort, her main complaint was of Anthony. He "have undone me and nobody else but he" (Spencer's

letter, July, 1594.) "Specially you have spent me quick" (Lady Ann to Anthony, August, 1595).

That Francis was never "safeguarded" indicates that the 1584 deed was not for that purpose. There were certainly two and probably six occasions when it could have been operated, but was not.

2. That the condition of the Queen's purchase of the reversion to Gorhambury was a provision for safeguarding Francis will not hold. It was purely a stipulation in the interests of the eldest son by the Lord Keeper's first wife. Nor was it ever operated to "safeguard" Francis. There is only one interpretation of the Queen being mixed up in the business, viz., that her son Francis had succeeded to his estate in tail.

3. Spedding shows (Vol. 1, p. 10, f. note) that he thought Rawley likely to have inferred from the letter of 18th October, 1580 ("preventing any desert of mine with her princely liberality"). How could Spedding say "without any emolument appertaining" in face of F. B.'s letter to the Queen, of 20th July, 1594, "nothing . . . could have detained me from earning so gracious a vail as it pleased your Majesty to give me."—Yours faithfully,

PARKER WOODWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I have lately come across two deliberate Latinisms in the Plays, which I think have escaped observation.

And in such forms which here were *presupposed*.

Upon thee in this letter.—*Twelfth Night*, Act. 2, Sc. 1., 338.

This is said by Olivia to Malvolio. The Cambridge Editor's note is *presupposed*, imposed or suggested beforehand as being what you were likely to adopt?

But the Latin *suppono* often means to forge or counterfeit. Shakespeare uses the word *suppose* of false surmise. So "counterfeit supposes" T.S. v. 1. Presupposed, then, is a coined word, meaning "previously put by fraud or guile," the exact meaning required.

Another passage well-known to us all has never, I believe, been correctly understood.

"Be thou *familiar* but by no means vulgar."

—*Hamlet* I. 3.

This is universally understood to mean that a man should be affable, without making himself common.

Half-a-dozen literary men to whom I put this point explained it so. But the meaning is just the opposite. There is no

suggestion of courtesy sown broadcast. Have a few *intimatos* (familiares), but don't be hail-fellow-well-met with everyone."

To prevent misunderstanding the poet adds—

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched unfledged comrade."

In this sense we have "familiar spirits," "familiar as his garter," "familiar sin," "familiar as my dog," and twenty other passages with exactly the same connotation.

A. L. FRANCIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

The Sons of "Johannes" are so often alluded to in Baconian literature that it is interesting to learn from the *Bookman* [Part I., Caxton, p. 5] that Saint John was the Patron Saint of Scribes, and that the members of the Guild of St. John of Bruges were "*Freres de la Plume*." Headquarters, Brussels. Scriveners, bookbinders, engravers, illuminators carried out the work of MS. reproduction by division of labour in an "amazingly rapid, accurate systematic manner."

A STAUNCH BACONIAN.

NEW DATE FOR BACON'S DEATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR EDITOR,—In James Howell's letter to Dr. Pritchard ii. Vol., *Familiar Letters*, dated January 6th, 1625, you will find the following:

"... My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom; it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read that it had been the misfortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars, but for an orator, a lawyer and philosopher as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men) of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity, which appeared, as in divers other passages, so once when the king has sent him a stag, he sent up for the underkeeper, and having drunk the king's health to him in a great silver gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fee."

Besides the extraordinary fact that his death is antedated by four months this letter contains no small tribute to Francis Bacon's memory "died poor out of a contempt for the pelf of fortune."

Yours faithfully,

A. A. LEITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—The approaching tercentenary of the death of the Stratford "Johannes Factotum," seems to be a good occasion on which to spread the interest in the Shakespeare authorship. We should approach Shakespeareans, and gently give them some food for reflection, sufficient, if they be of enquiring minds, and not afraid of the truth, to turn their attention to the personality of the poet they propose to honour.

As an illustration of the astounding ignorance about the facts known of the life of the accredited author, an official of The British Empire Shakespeare Society once wrote to me :—

"There is one point on which I wish to join issue with you, because it is vitally important: The Stratford-on-Avon records show conclusively that Shakespeare was far from being illiterate. Undoubtedly, the celebrated school which he attended was one of the best in the kingdom, and he had the advantage of being a scholar there, certainly until he reached his 'teens.'"

He ought to have known that those records throw no light upon the acquirements of Shakespeare. Nor do we know that the school offered any better "education" than the very elementary curriculum of other country grammar-schools. There is, of course, no evidence whatever that he attended it. Among the "objects and methods" of this society is the organizing of "lectures upon his life"!

One despairs of further correspondence in the face of such sublime oblivion as to facts and fictions, but it would be very useful if the Bacon Society issued a small pamphlet of, say, eight pages, giving ten or twelve incontrovertible reasons why the Stratford fellow could not have written the Shakespeare works, and a similar number stating arguments for Francis Bacon.

There is such a vast amount of important evidence available that it would be somewhat difficult to decide what to place before the "quite convinced" Stratfordian. Passages from the plays might be quoted condemning the various immoral and mean actions with which the player is associated. His indifference to fame by allowing his first plays published

(*Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*), to appear anonymously. But we know from the *Arte of English Poesie* that it was held discreditable for a gentleman to be a poet, and that courtiers, if they published their writings, suppressed their own names. Shakespeare's knowledge of the courts, customs, laws, topography, &c., of France and Italy can only be explained if the poet visited those parts. Everybody knows Bacon resided in France and Navarre and, according to his earliest biographer, he visited Italy and Spain. Then the fact that he borrows the plot of *Twelfth Night* from an untranslated Italian comedy (*Gl'Ingannati*), where he found Fabio and Malevoti, which suggested Fabian and Malvolio, is a severe injury to the Stratford Idol.

The apparent ignorance of Cuthbert Burbadge, in petitioning Lord Pembroke in 1637, that Shakespeare was anything more than a "man-player" and "deserving man" is also a severe blow to the orthodox creed. Another point which is overlooked is that the plays are mostly far too lengthy for dramatic representation. The duration of the performances was only two hours. About half of *Hamlet* can be read in that time. Yet, according to the commentators, Shakespeare wrote with no other purpose than to provide his patrons with an attractive play, always with his mind on the "box office." Plays were altered and augmented, and new works were published, after the death of the player. These new plays, *Henry VIII.*, and *Timon of Athens*, reflecting Bacon's own bitter experiences, just as we find in the *Sonnets*. Shakespeare and Bacon both passed through a "vulgar scandal," their names libelled, and their lives threatened. All this was sustained by Bacon after the latter had reluctantly performed the Queen's command, and his duty, at the trial of the Earl of Essex.

With regard to the evidence for Bacon, the delusion as to his time and occupations should be, once again, exploded. No play represents more than a week's work. Contemporary allusions to Bacon as a poet, and extracts from the *Manes Verulamiani* could hardly be spared. If space permitted, it would be a pity to omit Bacon's own explanation of the purpose of the plays, and their place in the *Instauratio Magna*. A few examples of the 800 parallelisms collected by Edwin Reed would also be valuable.

These leaflets could be supplied to Baconians at a reasonable price for distribution among Shakespeareans; and I think the result would be very beneficial.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

R. L. EAGLE.